1926

52 Tavistock Square,
London,
W.C.1

Telephone: 2621 Museum.

Sunday

Dear Teddy

Leonard has measured the piano. The measurements are

Length — 6' 1"

Breadth at keys — 2' 8½"

Depth from top to where legs begin — 1' 6"

Let me know when you want it sent

I've been looking at Dr Quenby, but am in bed at the moment with a chill or some thing which makes me

So heavy-headed that I'll write a card:

I do hope you are better – What a
ghastly time you've had!

Yr Virginia Woolf

NYPL

Monks House Rodmell Lewes.

22nd Sept.

Dear Eddy,

I am ashamed not to write, and then to write on a type writer. But there is a paper shortage in my house--no note paper I can write on. I have hurt my finger. So please forget and forgive.

(You have never known what it is to be without note paper.)

Yes, I like the painters, but I find their attitude a little agonising. "Poor beetle!" thats what they say; and at once I have eight legs, all squirming. It is for this reason; their ascendancy is over all objects of daily use; tea pots chairs, wall paper; so that when they come, their presence is one long criticism, from the heights. We, who deal in ideas, and are moreover, sensitised to draw out, always more and more, other peoples feelings never inflict this chill. How delightful if one could!

I'm going over today tomeet Lytton. Shall I be happy--unhappy? Anyhow, one or the other.

I like people to be unhappy because I like them to have souls. We all have, doubtless, but I like the suffering soul which confesses itself.

I distrust this hard, this shiny, this enamelled content. We old creatures are all crusted over with it. Now unhappiness means vapour, atmosphere, interest. I am often unhappy. I was cursing my fate at two this morning, sitting up in bed, wishing to be killed instantly. You will never guess why.

Are you pleased with your novel? I think the weeks when it is first out are humiliating. People will talk about it, or they wont talk about it. Which does one want? All that is miserable; and yet a necessity--one goes snuffing round after it.

I cannot write an elegant sentence when a flock of sparrows set on my thoughts directly they fall to the ground and peck them out on the keyboard.

We shall be back soon. I feel entirely dehumanised by the sun now. , and wish for fog, snow, ~~rain~~ rain, humanity.

NYPL

Yours

Virginia Woolf

52 Tavistock Square,
London,
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Telephone: 2621 Museum.

Monday

Dear Liddy

yes, do come to tea here on Thursday 5 o'clock.
For a novelist you show a feeble & perverted ~~psych~~
psychology. Any thing less like my & Leonards
conversation I cant imagine. Did Leonard
ever persuade me to accept an invitation?
"Well, you're a damned fool if you do." thats his style:-
mine is unprintable. but, in this case, flattering to you.

Yrs Virginia Woolf.

This really (now I come to think of it) extremely good & kind of you to ask me.

52 Tavistock Square,
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~~Tu~~ Wednesday.

Dear Eddy,

It's very nice of you to ask me — the only thing is this — I can't promise for certain to come on Saturday, as I've been rather tired, & had to shut another dance off at the last moment.

If you liked to ring me up on Saturday, I would then, I hope, say yes, with joy. Only as I might have to say no, perhaps you would make another more certain engagement. Anyhow, I'll keep Saturday free as the chance; & if you do not

ring up before 5 or so, I shall understand that you have made other arrangements - which, indeed, I think you should do.

But anyhow I hope I shall see you soon.

Yours ever

Virginia Woolf.

NYPL

52 Tavistock Square,
London,
W.C.1

? 1926 or 7

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Friday

Dear Eddy,

No, it wasn't what I said to Clive at all. This is more like it (as far as I remember) that you had a passion for Wagner, were a fanatic, I thought (among the best looking English writers – (which were I think you very words) all of which I repeated admiringly. I with agreement (not as to the fact, of course, but as to the spirit — my theme being that I liked your enthusiasm) Then Clive, I suppose, cooked up at some lunch party, annoyingly, I agree, in the way you say: but I don't believe he was in the least malicious. God knows what one is to do. He has a

passion for being on fait with all goings on; & a little more.

My only shred of "mature wisdom" is that such things are the penalty one pays for the pleasure of talking freely. I've paid it dozens of times. At this moment, doubtless, Philip Ritchin is repeating what Eddy says & in a few days a next week it will come round to me - such is life in Bloomsbury. But it is not done maliciously: though I agree with you, I can never help being very angry at the distortion at the moment - I hear of it. All I try now is not to hear it.

As for "drawing you out", please believe I don't do such things deliberately, with an object. It's only that I am, as a rule, far more interested in people than they are in me - But it makes me a nuisance, I know: only an innocent nuisance.

And a thousand apologies for thus causing you annoyance when I felt nothing but gratitude & experienced nothing but pleasure in seeing you & Clive, or anybody else.

Yrs Virginia Woolf